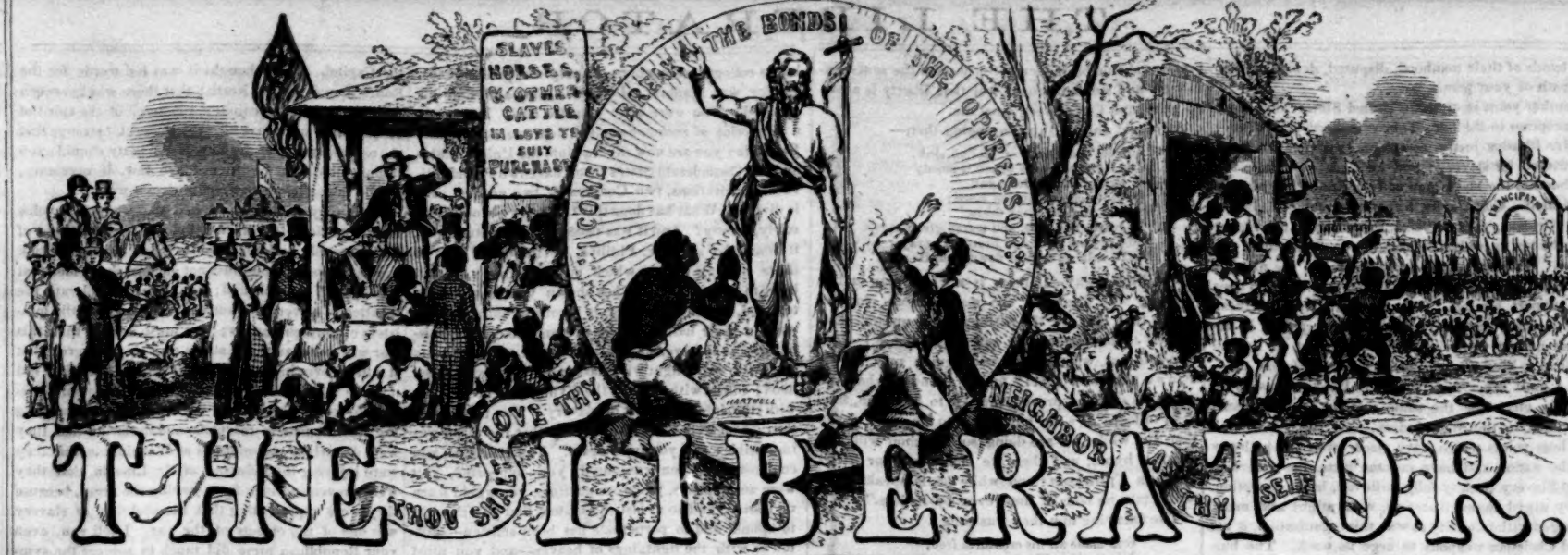


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THE LIBERATOR
—PUBLISHED—
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.
—AT—
101 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 6.
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, GENERAL AGENT.

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"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."
"Tay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES." . . . From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, civil, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers of CONGRESS extend to interference with the institution of slavery, in EVERY WAY IN WHICH IT CAN BE INTERFERED WITH, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the seizure of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when a country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to act on the war, and to take CARE OF IT, according to the laws of war; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies meet in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.
VOL. XXXIV. NO. 21. BOSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1864. WHOLE NO. 1737.

The Liberator.

THIRTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.
(Photographically reported by JAS. M. W. YERRINGTON.)

The thirty-first anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was celebrated on Tuesday and Wednesday last week, at the Church of the Puritans, and Cooper Institute, by several meetings, the first of which was held at 10 o'clock on Tuesday, at the Church, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the President of the Society, in the chair. Among the friends of the cause, on the platform were George Thompson, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Samuel May, Jr., John Rankin, Thomas Garrett, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, James T. Sargeant, and Antoinette L. Blackwell, James and Lucetta Mott, Oliver Johnson, J. Miller McKim, Mrs. Wm. B. Anthony, Wm. Wells Brown, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison. The audience was unusually large for a morning meeting, and comprised not only many of the old and long-tried friends of the cause, but large numbers of young men and women, among the events of the hour have brought into sympathy, more or less hearty, with the radical phase of the Anti-Slavery movement which this Society represents. Not without emotion could one familiar with the great struggle for the freedom of the slave, which has been going on this country for thirty years, and more, look over the great audience, and mark the many venerable men and women, their lives adorned with honorable years, who have given their lives with self-sacrificing zeal and noble effort, to the elevation of an outcast and despised race, patient, persevering, and devoted to the cause, and to the founding of that Temple of Liberty to which the multitude now come up to lay the capstone with shovels. For long and weary years they struggled, "their faith triumphant over fear," until, at this hour, it is given them to see the fruition of their hopes near at hand, and their abiding faith in God's justice and liberty gloriously vindicated. A fitting tribute to the exercises of the meeting was the voluntary which the organist (Prof. Sigismund Laus) played the good old tune of "Lenox."

"The year of jubilee has come."
Mr. Garrison commenced the exercises by reading the following hymn, by THEODORE TILTON, which was sung by the choir:

CARETAKER.
SOLDIER.

YORK TRIBUNE.
April 29, 1864.

On the 29th of April, 1864, occurred in this city a scene of unusual interest and honor, to the remains of our brave soldiers, who were buried in the city of the dead.

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land of graven images, and they are mad upon their idols. Babylon hath been a golden cup in the Lord's hand, that made all the earth drunken; the nations have drunken of her wine; therefore the nations are mad. Babylon is suddenly fallen and destroyed; how for her: take balm for her pain, if so she may be healed. We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed; forsake her, and let us go every one into his own country; for her judgment reacheth unto heaven, and lifted up even to the skies. O thou that dwellest upon many waters, abundant in treasures, thine end is come, and the measure of thy covetousness. The Lord of hosts hath sworn by himself, saying, Surely I will fill her with men, as with caterpillars; and they shall up a shout against thee. For thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: The daughter of Babylon is like a threshing-floor; it is time to thresh her: yet a little while, and the time of her harvest shall come. Thus saith the Lord of hosts: The children of Israel and the children of Judah were oppressed together: and all that took them captives held them fast; they refused to let them go. Their Redeemer is strong; the Lord of hosts is his name; he shall thoroughly plead their cause, that he may give rest to the land, and disquiet the inhabitants of Babylon.

THE PRESIDENT said—We meet this morning under very cheering and hopeful circumstances, in view of what comes to us from the battle-field. The rebellion is reeling to its overthrow, and the cause which is dear to all our hearts is in full promise of triumphant success—the cause of impartial and glorious liberty. (Applause.) It is obviously proper, at this time, to read the following proclamation of the President of the United States:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, May 9, 1864.
To the Friends of Union and Liberty:
Enough is known of my operations within the last few days to claim our special gratitude to God. While what remains under demands our most sincere prayers to, and reliance upon, him without whom all human effort is vain, I recommend that all patriots at their homes, in their places of common worship, and wherever they may be, unite in common thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God.

(Signed)
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
And so, from the beginning, the prophecy has been sure of fulfillment in the end; for
"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

A fervent and impressive prayer was then offered by Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM; after which, another hymn was sung, as follows:—
Out of the dark the shining sphere
Is rounding round to the light;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we see the coming night;
And hope, that lights the feeblest fire,
And faith, that shines, a heavenly fire,
And love, that courage re-ignites—
These stars have borne us up still.

Look backward, how much has been won!
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watchword of the night begins,
The watchword of the day begins.

O thou, who mighty palaces holds
The night and day alike in view;
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds;
O keep us steadfast, patient, true!

THE PRESIDENT then read a series of resolutions, which were laid over to be acted upon at the business meetings.

THE PRESIDENT—You will now be addressed by one who has never spoken, primarily, for the sake of receiving the applause of his friends, and who has never hesitated to speak all that was in him, in view of the opposition and contumacy of his enemies. I have the pleasure of introducing WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., of Boston. (Prolonged applause.)

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.
MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Those who follow me will probably find ample text for what they have to say to you to-day in the very eloquent and excellent resolutions which have just been read to us. For myself, I beg leave to address what I shall say to you this morning, to a resolution which I ask leave to read:—

Resolved, That while we do not criticize the wishes of the Administration, still, as Abolitionists, we feel bound to declare that we see no evidence of its purpose to put the freedom of the negro on such a basis as will secure it against every peril.

I recollect, Mr. President, and will endeavor to bear steadily in mind, that we come here this morning as Abolitionists; that this platform is sacred to the claims of the negro; that, so far as possible, we throw out of consideration here all those general interests which concern us only as citizens; and that, as far as may be, we confine ourselves to those things which interest us as pledged to secure the abolition of chattel slavery. Still, I confess it is hardly possible, in such an hour as this, that one should totally forget that he has interests broader than those which concern merely the abolition of slavery. With the cannon shot echoing from the borders of Virginia, with the best blood and bravest of the nation poured out like water in defence of Republican institutions, with a great weight resting on the nation, the terrible burden which God gives it to-day, to save by the sacrifice of all its material wealth, its necessary, and its best blood, the institutions bequeathed to us by our fathers, it is impossible not to call to mind that even we Abolitionists, pledged to no sacred object, have not only the right, but are bound to remember that that object, high and sacred as it is, is to be secured by the most economical means, by the slightest possible peril to the liberty of the white man, by the lightest mortgage laid on the industry of the future, by the slightest possible submission to the inevitable despotism of war, accommodating the public mind to the liberal exercise of despotic power, until at last victory, and the keen sense of individual right, and the sacredness of the bulwarks of personal liberty are lost in the din of battle. All these considerations we, even as Abolitionists, have a right to bear in mind. Standing, therefore, as we do this hour, with the news (if it can be credited) of the greatest success of the whole three years, before which, as our President has well said, the rebellion reels, it is still to be borne in mind that we have already incurred a debt, that we have already sacrificed an amount of life, that we have already blunted the old vigilance for individual liberty to an extent that bids us, as American citizens, beware that no such trial shall ever again be needed by the Republic. This war, if the intelligence and virtue of the people can secure it, is to be the last—at least, between the two sections of the

American Union. It is very problematical whether any such war could be borne a second time, and free institutions survive it, in this belt of the continent. When I look, therefore, at the abolition of slavery, I connect with it, inevitably, the perpetuity of Republican institutions. In that dark and fearful storm into which the vessel of state is plunging, no man has forethought enough to see when she will reach the still water. The youngest of us are never again to see that Republic into which we were born; it is to be largely biased by such a civil war as this. A million of men are to come back into civil life unfitted for citizenship by the habits of a camp. They are to bring with them from five to ten thousand idolized officers—the only available candidates for office for a century to come. Military ambition, biased toward military occupation—the grave of all free governments—is the maelstrom on one side of us; and on the other, debt—the other grave of free governments. Two thousand millions of dollars is the debt of our government to-day; three thousand million probably the ultimate debt of State, county and town, and war damages; an annual expense of three hundred million beyond our debt interest to keep that standing army with us, which will be inevitably necessary on any plan of reconstruction. Under that mortgage rests the labor of the next half-century. Every living right hand is mortgaged, and every one to be born for the next twenty years, for the atonement which God has demanded for the sin of our fathers. Hitherto, the chains of American liberty have been the purgatory of its means. When an American citizen reached Saturday night, after he had paid his rent, his clothing and his food, he had a half or a third of his wages left—ample material for books, for lectures, for amusements, for newspapers, for travel, for the education of his children. The Austrian pays to-day, in the streets of Vienna, "God grant I may be as well off to-morrow as I was yesterday!" No Yankee ever breathed such a prayer. Every Monday morning, he commenced his laborer better than he started the week before. This has been the fulcrum and the spring-board which elevated the labor of the North into intellectual and moral life. This surplus labor was pulpit, college, academy, *salon*, and lifted labor to a higher level than the rest of the world knew. The English artisan, (speaking generally), when he reaches Saturday night, has spent his last dollar for food, rent, clothing, and begins Monday morning almost as hopeless as the previous. Now, so long as the results of this war last, so long as the inevitable necessities of the government for twenty years to come are to take one-third, if not one-half of the average income of the capital of the country to defray its expenses, so long as the laboring masses of the Northern States are robbed of just the surplusage which constituted its nucleus of intellectual and moral progress.

I look out upon our future, therefore, as one vastly momentous in the history of republican government. A comparatively ignorant laboring class, a large body of fund-holders—in the history of all free States the source of corruption and the grave of independence—these are the dead-weight, these are the leeches and maelstrom in which the over-laid frigate struggles for the harbor. What I ask of American citizens, interested alike in twenty millions of white men and four millions of black—in the providence of God in one bottom, sinking or swimming together—is, remember the danger on the right hand and the left, to clear the decks, sweep every possible obstacle from our pathway, if in the providence of God, by any possibility, we may save the liberty of the whole, and the free institutions bequeathed to us.

Over all this picture looms the cloud of a government habituated to the exercise of despotic power. Well did Seward say to Lord Lyons, "I put a ring on this side, and unchallenged, I put in prison a New Englander; I ring another one on that, and, equally irresponsible, consign a citizen of Ohio to a dungeon." No such despotism this side the wall of China. Necessary—involuntary—not to be found fault with in this death-grapple with rebellion. But all the more earnestly does it become to us to remember that such powers, if trusted to less worthy hands, may result in the speedy dismemberment of the republic, or the quick advance of despotism.

In looking, therefore, at our question, let us remember that it is on a platform girdled by these dangers that we discuss the abolition of slavery to-day. I recognize as gladly as any man, as proudly as any man, the valor and the skill of the Army of the Potomac, and its matchless chief. (Loud applause.) I believe that Grant will go to the Gulf when he plans to (renewed applause), and plant the stars and stripes again triumphant on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. (Continued applause.) But I believe it will be done over battle-fields as bloody as that which he treads to-day; for, though the rebellion reels in Virginia, it is by no means broken when it quits the Old Dominion. We have learned—the sections of the country—at least to respect each other. We know the South; its unanimity; its decided purpose; its willingness to die for its idea. We know its readiness for every sacrifice; its indomitable pride. Those elements are not to be subdued by a single battle; no, nor by three such. I believe, therefore, that although we beat the rebellion out of Virginia, it will still live. The war is to last many months longer. In considering our question, therefore, we are to consider, fairly, the next four years; and my resolution points the discriminating judgment of Abolitionists at the Administration, in full view of that fact, and in full view of the fact, that this Summer the country is to say under what philosophy the war shall be conducted. The popular cry is, "Stand by the Administration!" (Loud applause.) I recognize it. It has a broad, deep, patriotic meaning. Stand by the Administration! It is every man's duty, every citizen's duty, to stand by the Administration. (Applause.) But remember, Mr. President, we are American, not European. We live under the Constitution of the United States, not under French or English rule; and our fathers have laid it down as the *sole*, *wise*, *principle* of government, that every four years the citizen shall summon the government before himself, try it, and record his verdict. Every four years an administration comes before the people to ask, like the old prophet, "What have I done wrong? Whom have I injured?" It summons the judgment of the community. We are bound to say to the pilot of the last four years,

either, "You are," or "You are not my pilot for the coming four years." Any man, therefore, who raises to-day the wavery, "Stand by the Administration!" and does not take into the account that limitation—that an American citizen is bound to stand by the Administration so far and so long as the Constitution allows him, and no longer—forfeits his franchise under the free institutions of the fathers, and binds his lips, like a vassal of the Czar, to a life-long allegiance. (Applause.)

If you think such a privilege dangerous, if you think the exercise of such a right inexpedient, there is the Constitution of the United States—assail it, but leave me untouched! There is the Convention of '90—at least it, but leave me unencumbered! There is the fundamental principle of American institutions—deny it, but leave me unencumbered! I am only a constitutional American citizen, treading in the footsteps of the fathers of the Republic, and denying that any man has a life-long right to office. (Applause.) The hour summons us, therefore, to the discharge of this duty, and no thoughtful citizen has a right to evade it. As an Abolitionist, I feel the deepest interest in the exercise of it.

I should not say this, if I thought this was a common war, to be decided by battle. If America was at this moment engaged in a quarrel with Mexico, if our bayonets were marshalled against those of France, I should stay at home and say, "Grant is as good as anybody and a little better; I will trust to the cannon shot that he manages." But if our success carries the banner down to the Gulf, you have not yet finished the war of ideas; you have not yet completed the struggle between Northern and Southern civilization. The Hon. L. W. Spratt said at Montgomery, at that Convention which launched the Confederacy, when he was called upon to announce its programme: "This is no geographical quarrel. This is no quarrel between the men of the North and the men of the South—they are cordial enough. It is a war between the civil institutions of one section and the civil institutions of the other section. It is an eagle and a fish tied together by indissoluble bonds. The eagle cannot live in the fluid suited to the fish, and the fish cannot live in the fluid suited to the eagle. One must perish that the other may survive." (Applause.) Every thoughtful Northerner accepts the conclusion. We have reached that ultimate goal, when the ideas of the North and of the South come in conflict; "one must perish that the other may survive!" In other words, unless the South supercedes us, we must supercede the South. I believe in God and Democracy, and therefore I believe that ultimately, in that final close of the epoch, the North, representing Justice and Democracy, will surely give law to this belt of the continent. (Applause.) I have not a doubt of it. God reigns. The inevitable gravitation of all time is toward universal suffrage and universal democracy. It will not be different on this continent from what it has been on the other, and in due time, that will be accomplished. The only question is, "How long?" Shall it come when we call home the cannon and furl the banner, or shall it come twenty-five or thirty years hence, after an experience of Mexican civilization? Will you adjourn the conflict from the battle-field in Virginia, where we conquer, to the Senate house, where we are always betrayed? That is the only question for the American people. My charge against the Administration, as an Abolitionist, is, that it seeks to adjourn the battle from cannon shot to the forum; from Grant to the Senate-house; and to leave the poisoned remnants of the slave system for a quarter of a century to come. If I was a negro and a slave, I should pray God that this war might last twenty years; if I was a negro and a slave, I should demand every victory on the part of the North; for I believe that this war, while it lasts, is performing exactly that work which war did in Latin America. It is taking the rivets out of society; it is crumbling up the whole civil and social life into its original elements; and when that work is completely done, no matter what may be the form of government that follows, the negro is always free. Witness Mexico and South America. War stalked from the Gulf to the Cape, sweeping all institutions out of her path; and when peace came, the negro, like every other man, had a hand in the reconstruction of the government. But, as a white man, as an American citizen, concerned in the welfare of white as well as black, I deprecate one month of war, because I see in it the seeds of debt, military ambition and despotism, to guard against which will demand a virtue and an intelligence in the masses such as history nowhere shows. I accept, therefore, with gratitude the first step that the Administration made, in December, towards reconstruction; not that I deem it a wise one, but that I deem it a quite well-timed one, in all its parts; but because I am well aware that the settlement of this war is not to be by battle, but by statesmanship, by the reconstruction of the elements of States; and, therefore, the greatest cause of anxiety is not for the battle-field—it is for the intelligence of the hand that shall finally remodel the Union. Confused as I am out of fairness to those who are to follow me, I must briefly indicate the facts which I wish to bring to your attention on this point.

I have no charge to make against the Administration for the past—no fault to find with it. I am going to find fault only with its philosophy—its reason of procedure. I am going to allow, if you please, that it wishes the abolition of slavery and the freedom of the negro; all I am going to find fault with is the head. In every one of his letters, if I do not misunderstand him, he lays down this principle: "I would fair reconstruct the Union; and touch slavery only in the last, inevitable resort. I would try everything else; I would exhaust all other means; I would allow time, to give a chance for the opposing parties to come to an understanding; I would exhaust everything before I would touch slavery." If I understand Mr. Lincoln, I do him no injustice in taking this for his philosophy of procedure. Then I think his action in the war shows the counterpart of that principle: "I will not only delay as long as possible touching slavery, but in my reconstruction, I will touch it as lightly as possible. I will merely touch its principle; I will leave everything connected with it in as nearly the same situation as possible."

These are the two principles, I think, which have guided the Administration. Let me show you why I think so. On the first, I need not add evidence, because Mr. Lincoln's own letter to Hodges states distinctly—"I put aside Fremont; I put aside Hunter; I expurgated Cameron's report; I listened for the action of the Border States; I waited the returning reason of the malcontents; I exhorted patience—then I acted." That principle he allows. The second principle—that of touching slavery as lightly as possible, leaving everything connected with it in the same posture—is evinced in his action. Let me show you. The Administration has never yet acknowledged the manhood of the negro. It professes to have abolished chattelism, and the abolition of chattelism leaves manhood. The Administration has never yet acknowledged the manhood of the negro. Go to Gen. Banks's department—the broadest field of experiment, under the hands of that officer of whom the President says, "He gives me the most trouble, does all I want, and makes no complaint." His department has from 50,000 to 200,000 negroes under our flag. His whole system of orders, from beginning to end, has no one element of the recognition of the manhood of the black in it—no one element of contract. The negro is to serve you; you are to fix his wages—that is he worth; if he is insubordinate, there is the Provost Marshal. No contract—no law—no equity of agreement. The negro is a serf, punishable at the will, hireable at the will of the Government. No manhood. Now, if the Proclamation had made a man, then, like the laborer at Port Royal, under Boston influence, he might make his own contract; but there is no negro in Louisiana allowed either to make a contract or choose his residence—not one.

Again, the negro has been summoned into the army. As a white man, I confess that the most humiliating hour that I ever lived, Abolitionist as I am, was when twenty millions of white men, having ground the negro to powder under their proud heels for two hundred years, were obliged, in the death-grapple with the South, to get down and ask the negro to help them fight. (Applause.) But that was only humiliating; what followed was infamous. The Southern hung him, shot him, bayoneted him, sold him into slavery, treated him like a brute—covered with the blue uniform of the United States. To the farthest borders of Christendom, men listened for one word from the Capitol, and it was dumb. Again, and again, and again, the midnight massacre made the world thrill with horror; and the government was dumb. At last, stirred to fiendish atrocity, white men and black went down in a common massacre under the walls of Fort Pillow; and then at last was launched from the evil lips of the President the announcement, "If I could only find a case!" "Find a case!" When had the Government made a step of a single inch toward trying to find one? When, with the amplest means in its possession, had it opened one single door, examined one single witness? One Admiral, whose son falls by a guerilla bullet, and tumbles into an unknown grave, quits his post at Charleston, like a true father, the gunboats of the nation are at his service, and he secures the Virginia waters, while we make search through all her hamlets to find news of the dead body of his child. Well done! But when did this single government official, civil or military, quit his post an instant, give up his routine an hour, to find out what became of the massacred soldiers at Port Hudson, or of the dead, brutally bayoneted men at Fort Wagner? Not one! I arraign that speech of the President as the foulest insult to the black race ever uttered on this continent. (Applause and some hisses.) The head of the Confederacy, in the face of Europe, repudiated the money debts of Mississippi, and the word wrote "Repealer" on his forehead. This Government has repudiated a debt infinitely more binding—the debt of honor to the men whom it had summoned to its side, with halbers round their necks, and history will write "Repealer" on the forehead of the United States.

I speak as an American citizen, as one of a people who, having called that victim race to their side, and covered it with the United States uniform, deserted it. Now, where do you find the explanation? They have not acknowledged the manhood of the negro. Admiral Dahlgren's son was a man; the white officers that disappear in sickly jails are men, and government follows them. The vigilant eye and long arm of the War Department searches for them amid the filth and disease in the Libby Prison, and picks them out, man by man, and carries home even the remains to the mother's heart. Not one negro has even been sought for, much less found.

But take a different view. Our resolutions say, with great reason, "Thanks to Attorney-General Bates that he has found out that the law of Congress puts the black soldier on a level with the white." I thank him also. But at whose suggestion did he find it out? At whose instance did the indifference of the government move? I will tell you. At the instance of the Governor of Massachusetts—tireless, indefatigable, incessant in his appeals to the government to protect the men whom the broad seal of the Commonwealth had summoned into the service of the nation. (Loud applause.) And yet, if the Administration had had a heart; if the Administration had recognized the manhood of the negro, could not they have seen the law as well as Attorney-General Bates? The lawyers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, the legal profession all through the nation, and Mr. Sumner at the Senate Board, a year ago, asserted, "that law covers the black man as well as the white"; and now, April, 1864, Attorney-General Bates says so. Where was the hitch? Why did not the rest of the government see it? Had they eyes? Yes; but there are certain things you cannot see without a heart; and the Administration had no heart behind its eyes. (Applause.) The law was just as clear when Col. Shaw fell at Fort Wagner as it is to-day. Massachusetts saw it; the Senate saw it; the legal profession saw it; the only one who could not see it was the pilot who demands that we shall choose him, a second time, to pilot us through the coming storm.

I contend that in all these cases, the government has shown a willingness to let the white race and the black race, and their relations, remain, after this war, as nearly what they were before as possible. That is really the philosophy of the Administration. What McClellan was on the battle-field—"Do as little hurt as possible!"—that Lincoln is in civil affairs—"Make as little change as possible!"

You may think I am unjust to the Administration; but I have a right, as an American citizen, to say whether my interests and my future shall be committed to such a philosophy, announced this very month in accordance with the wishes of Kentucky, to conciliate slaveholders. "Touch slavery the last thing; touch it the least possible." Very well. If we were at war with France, I should not care much for the philosophy; bullets would settle it. But when I get back Louisiana on this principle, what have I got back? Let me tell you a story. The last fortnight, there were in Boston two representatives of the free colored men of Louisiana—Messrs. Bertonneau and Roudaneau. In 1862, Butler said to them: "I cannot defend New Orleans—help me!" They gave him 4,000 men; and I heard Butler say, with his own lips, "They saved me the city." In 1863, Gen. Banks summoned a commission to insult them out of office. Like military men, on every principle of military etiquette, they gave up their commissions. In August, 1863, Shreveport said, (Banks was at Port Hudson,) just as Butler did, that he was unable to defend the city, and said, "White men, help me!" No response. He said to the civil employes of the government, "Volunteer for thirty days to defend the government in this emergency or you are no officers"; and a number of those men, who had eaten the bread of the government for eighteen months, resigned rather than defend the stars and stripes! That is the Unionism of the whites at New Orleans! Then said Shreveport to the black men, whom Banks had insulted out of office, "Save me!" and in seventy hours they gave him two thousand men. (Applause.) He put them into the forts, kept them in the service forty days, saved the city until Banks's return, and then murdered them out, finding every man in debt to the government \$607 for having saved it! When it was done, the blacks said, "The money is nothing. It seems strange that, having saved the third city in the empire, we should all be owing the nation—not so matter. You say you have twice made us save the city in spite of the Confederates. You are about to reconstruct the Union. Now, having made us twice again the white, don't leave us to its mercy. We will make our own way to liberty, only give us the ballot. You thought our hands fit for the musket, when you needed it; in Heaven's name give us the ballot when we need it!" Banks said No; the President said No. The State is to be reconstructed by white men, who went up into the steeples to ask God that they might kiss the bars that they saw in the city—they are to vote, and the black man who saved the stepples for us is to be under their heels! And that is the government.

Now, if we could have Louisiana on that basis, I would be the last man to criticize; but we cannot. You never can make this nation one by force. It was possible in 1861, when, as I think, one half of the South was Union and the other half Confederate. The great Crittenden resolution of July, 1861, was based on that idea—that a large body of Southern white men were on our side, and only wanted to be assured that we meant to be conciliatory, and they would show themselves. Possibly it might have been so; but we can never know now, because every month of the war has built up a Confederate sentiment, angered, embittered, confirmed against us. Jefferson Davis made a rebellion; it was all he could make. Abraham Lincoln made a Confederacy; no man but he could have made it. (Hisses.) Well, if it is not true, disprove it! (Applause.) The Crittenden resolution was passed, as I believe, on the sound basis that the South had been hurried, against her will, into rebellion. Fremont's statesmanlike word echoed over Missouri. (Applause.) Had it been seconded, with that element at the South, and similar enthusiasm at the North, we might have beaten out the rebellion in six or nine months, and had a South not thoroughly alienated from us. But the men who have lost their sons, their property, their houses, who have seen the loved form of their States beaten to ashes—these men are to-day Confederates from anger who were once Unionists from old association. Three years of war have grouted that which was merely a temporary rebellion into a planted confederacy, and it is the slowness and indifference of the government that have done it. To-day, therefore, the man who takes the helm of the vessel of State in his hand has a ten-fold harder work to do than Abraham Lincoln had in March, 1861, for he has got the South, as far as such a thing can be, unanimous against him. You cannot reconstruct this Union on the loyal basis that existed at the beginning of the war; there is nothing of it. To conquer them down to New Orleans, you may cover Virginia with the best blood of the North and of the South both, and when it is over, the South will hate you worse than before. You must reconstruct these States on the loyalty of somebody. How shall it be done? There are but two ways. One is to keep them Territories for twenty years, until this generation dies out; until the temptations of business, until the patronage of the government, until new associations, until the immigration of Northern mercantile interests, shall replace that white population. Then you may do it. But in the meantime, you must keep one half of this country under the form of Territories, and trust the government with despotic power. I tremble for such an experiment. In the hands of such men as some of us have seen in the Presidential chair, I should give up all hope of ever again seeing a Republic. The only other way to reconstruct the Union and save Republican institutions, is to reconstruct it on the only loyal basis that exists—the blacks. (Applause.) If there are not 10,000 white blacks. (Applause.) If there are not 10,000 white blacks in New Orleans, who will vote for us, as there are not, (Gen. Banks had to press his own soldiers up to the ballot-box to make out that number), then take the 400,000 blacks—give them a vote—link them to the fortunes of the Union—acknowledge the manhood of the black man till the white man is converted. (Applause.)

But I have spoken a great deal longer than I have any right. Whatever I have to say further, I will add as some future session.

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[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page]

Oct. 30-1y

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a vertical crease down the center. The left edge of the page is bound, showing the inner hinge and some stitching. The overall tone is warm and slightly yellowed, characteristic of old paper.

